

## THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING BY  
The Washington Herald Company.  
425-427-429 Eleventh St. Phone Main 3300

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FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES:  
THE S. C. BECKWITH SPECIAL AGENCY.  
New York, Tribune Building; Chicago, Tribune Building; St. Louis, Third National Bank Building; Detroit, Ford Building.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY CARRIER:  
Daily and Sunday, 30 cents per month; \$3.60 per year.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL:  
Daily and Sunday, 45 cents per month; \$5.00 per year. Daily only, 35 cents per month; \$4.00 per year.

Entered at the postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1917.

## Full Speed Ahead.

Congress is putting "punch" into its probe of the war.

The surface has barely been scratched, but enough has been uncovered to warrant the investigation being pursued to the end of the vein. It will be. There is no chance of heading off the Congressional committees; and we do not think it will be attempted.

"Nobody in Washington doubts that the nation is on the eve of an entire reorganization of the war," writes C. W. Gilbert, in the New York Tribune. A drastic reorganization may be at hand; but it will not come unless Congress keeps on pounding away relentlessly at its probe. The most powerful kind of explosive force is necessary to move the government to reorganization. The resources of inertia, of the "ins," of the general bureaucratic system, are almost without limit. Many a bold and skillful crusader has broken his lance against them and failed to make even a dent in their citadel. It is only in the face of an upheaval almost elemental in character that the "wheels within the wheels" of the government begin to betray any uneasiness.

The time seems to be at hand, however, when the cumbersome routine that has been built up into a tradition in the departments must yield. The war cannot be conducted on a normal bureaucratic basis. To do so means lukewarmness and inefficiency all along the line. It means failure. The time calls for executive force coupled with practical experience. It calls for an increase of the business interest in the war. Modern war is a business, but the departmental bureaucracies will never adopt business methods unless they have to.

Fortunately, the time seems to be at hand when they will have to.

Also, the doctrine of "being loyal to our friends," which has been steadfastly pursued by the administration, will have to be modified to a large degree. In peace times nine-tenths of the business of governing the United States is so largely routine in character that the entire Cabinet can be absent from Washington without the city knowing the difference. War calls for an entire overhauling of the system of routine. Not to face this fact now means further failure in the future.

## A Story About You, Maybe.

Time drags awfully on your hands. You decide that you'll eat. Maybe you really are hungry. Maybe you'll eat just to kill time.

You bump your way through the swaying cars and finally get seated at a table in a B. & O., a S. P., a L. & N., or some other old dining car, pick up the beautiful flag-decorated program of victuals, and first thing that catches your eye is:

"Eat plenty—Eat wisely—but without waste." Glancing down the list of prices, you easily figure out why the dining car company advises "Eat Plenty," and it puts an olive-oil-before-breakfast taste in your mouth. But, there's the "Eat Wisely." Very well, you will "eat wisely."

You look up at the colored gentleman who is smilingly hanging upon your very word and whose surcharge of politeness stamps him as one of the 50-cent-per-tip class, and say:

"Waiter, coffee, white bread toast and wheat cakes." It means 75 cents, but Lord Caesar! you've got to eat something!

"Pained to the co' of mah heart, sah," says waiter, "but it's wheatless day. Plenty of delicious co'n bread and co'n cakes today, sah! Wa' times, sah! Got to save de wheas-fo' de French, sah."

Now, you want to rip and tear, and cuss corn and convince yourself that it's a shame to have to eat corn so that those foreigners can eat wheat. But, don't! Just take the waiter's Johnnybread and flannel cakes, lick your chops, and know that you're doing your bit in the war.

It does look a bit unjust to put Americans on corn and let foreigners feed on American wheat, but it is a real war necessity, and, as you sit there growling to yourself, you accidentally read in that dining car announcement this, about those Frenchmen over there fighting for your home, your happiness, your country, as well as their own:

"They can, however, only absorb a certain amount of corn for human food, for, except in Italy, they have never eaten cornbread and have no adequate mills, and, besides, household baking is a lost art and cornbread cannot be distributed from the bakeries. Therefore, they must have wheat as the basis for their war loaf."

All this is so. You know it. "You feel it. Hurrah for the French heroes! Hurrah for the old flag! You for corn hucks and corn cobs, if needs be. Aglow, you spring up, you rush back toward your own car to telegraph wife to buy twenty pounds of corn meal at once.

Hello there, you! Come back here! You've forgotten to tip the waiter who steered you up to doing a bit of your bit in this war!

## Government Excess Profits.

If you were in business how would you like to have 25 per cent of your receipts pay all expenses and show a surplus? Think of it: more than 75 per cent of the gross clear profit. Don't you think if this should happen to you, that you would be willing to increase the salaries of the employees who made your huge profit possible?

This is the situation at the Washington city post-office.

According to estimates made by officials here more than 75 per cent of the mail handled at the Washington postoffice is free matter, franked by Congress and the various departments of the government. This leaves less than 25 per cent of the matter on which revenue can be made. Yet in spite of this, on one-fourth of the business handled the office shows a surplus.

The only equitable basis by which to consider the salary of labor is by giving the laborer a fair share of that he produces. If, under the present salary scale of postal employees, one-fourth of their labor is producing a profit, why shouldn't his salary be fixed according to all his labor? It is true that no actual money is collected for the other three-fourths of his work.

but the work is done, nevertheless, and this government is benefiting.

And this government should hasten to pay a reasonable sum for their mail. Franked matter is one of the greatest evils of the government, yet there was no vital effort to curtail it when the war revenue bill was under discussion. Instead, added expense was tacked on those who use second-class postage.

If those who control the destinies of the Postoffice Department don't soon awaken to the fact that they are paying starvation salaries to employees, they will awaken to the fact that the ranks of their employees are thinning out in wholesale lots. In every postoffice in the land the question of help is the most vital one at present. They cannot hold men.

A man is received into the postal service as a clerk. He finds that his duties are anything but clerical and as soon as he finds it out, he leaves the service. This mode of procedure has become mighty familiar with the postmasters in recent years, and unless a living wage is paid the workers before long, the Postoffice Department will become the worst possible argument for government ownership.

A real Congressional investigation of this department will soon show the wretched conditions under which postal employees, including letter carriers, have to work. It will also show that the worst enemy of the postal worker is the Postmaster General.

## Your Fighting Quarter.

The ordinary bank takes care of the man who has \$10 a week which he can save. The savings bank takes care of the man who is able to put \$1 aside.

But the thrift stamps which Uncle Sam is putting out get right down to bed-rock. They were invented for the man, woman or child who could save 25 cents at any time within the next year and who felt that he or she would like to take a bit towards winning the war. Every quarter invested in a thrift stamp helps to buy something for an American soldier or sailor that he needs, if he is to be an efficient and well equipped fighting man in the war against the Kaiser.

Count that week lost in which you do not make one of your quarters go to war.

## The Steel Horse.

The British minister of agriculture organized an army of farm tractors, placed headlights on them, and plowed day and night for weeks and weeks in the spring of the year. When the harvest was gathered, and England found she had enough food to withstand any blockade of submarines for another year, credit was given the tractor as the most effective weapon of warfare yet discovered. France had the same experience. The United States is soon to find that the farm tractor is a necessity of war.

Gary, Ind., is boasting that burglars entered a house there and stole a redhot stove. Well, what kind of a stove would you expect burglars to steal in this kind of weather?

United States mints turned out 400,000,000 coins in the year ending July 1. Considering the rate at which coins are taken away from us we say the United States mints are slow.

Hoover announces a special objection to doughnuts, because they soak up fat in cooking. Maybe he'll kindly tell us what life's going to be without doughnuts.

Cold weather must encourage manufacturers of artificial ice to raise the price of ice next summer. Next to a mild winter, nothing so encourages them as a severe one.

## Disproportionate Noise.

Here is a little story from the Philadelphia Telegraph that was told at a social gathering by Senator Ollie M. James, of Kentucky, when reference was made to the amusing scenes that occasionally occur in courtrooms:

Recently a well-known judge, who was trying to conduct a case, was greatly disturbed by a young man who kept moving about in the rear of the room, lifting chairs and looking under things.

"Young man," finally called out the judge, "you seem to be making a lot of unnecessary noise. What are you trying to do?"

"I have lost my overcoat, your honor," answered the young man, "and I am trying to find it."

"You must do it more quietly," returned the judge. "People often lose whole suits in this room without making one-half that disturbance."

## An Army Engineer.

Come all you gallant fellows and a story you shall hear Of the trials and tribulations of an army engineer, Like every honest fellow, he took his liquor clear, 'Till Gen. Scott said you shall not touch whiskey, wine or beer.

He's a helluva-helluva-helluva-helluva army engineer, A wandering skater from "Nited States," and nothing does he fear: He tries to do his duty and he tries to do it well, But the Captain and the Sergeant and the Corporal give him hell.

The surgeon looked him over and the surgeon grinned with glee, "A shot in the arm will do him no harm, bring my long squeegee."

With fifty million typhoid bugs patrolling thru his blood, They shot in fifty million more and then his name was mud.

They hung a pack upon his back—it weighed one hundred pounds, They marched him to the rifle range to shoot a thousand rounds, And after that he walked five miles, up to his knees in dust.

But when they said take off your shoes, he just sat down and cussed.

They taught him every kind of gait—to "march, to rush, to crawl," The first was bad, the next was worse, the last was worst of all. He skinned his body on the rocks, and snagged it on a nail—

He'd have made a damn good lizard if he'd only had a tail.

He went out to the rifle range to learn to "fire at will," The "aiming" and the "trigger squeeze"—the enemy came to kill: His rifle kicked him in the jaw, he missed the "bull's" a mile.

For the "chow-shack" is the only place where he shows any style.

The captain took him out one day to give him skirmish drill, And Col. Jones just happened by—a little time to kill: "In place—halt—that looks like hell," the colonel loudly swore,

"For such a line of skirmishers I never saw before."

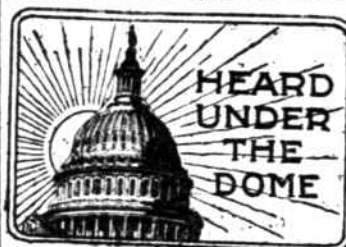
One day he took a ten-mile hike, and loaded up his pack With soap and soap and underwear—a-bumping on his back.

The sweat ran down into his boots, he thought his spine would pop, He put one ankle out of joint, and then he had to hop.

He's a son of a gun from Company One—an army engineer, He's going to France to shoot the pants from off the German Rear; When he gets back from Germany the people all shall hear,

It doesn't pay to get in the way of THE ARMY ENGINEER.

## IF THE CRUSADERS COULD ONLY HAVE LIVED TO SEE IT!



What is the use of probes? Are they worth while at all? Do they do good—or infinite harm? The subject was discussed yesterday by a small group of Capitol men. No vote was taken on the matter but the preponderant opinion was that probes are very useful, very much worth while, and can do a vast amount of good IF THEY ARE CONDUCTED ON THE RIGHT LINES!

And, inasmuch as the war situation is too serious to permit of anything but judicious, careful and patriotic inquiry into our affairs, it is plain to see that virtually all of the probes just started by Congress will be on the right lines.

Congress has not been informed to any great extent just what was being done in our war affairs. The gates of executive information are not exactly closed, but they are not wide open, by any means. Congress had met the administrative branch of government half way, and more—and had done what the administrative side asked to have done.

Congress merely voiced the demands of the people in asking for the probes. That is ample excuse for their institution at this time. In fact, Congress would be negligent not to institute the probes.

Senator Reed's probe of the sugar situation is said by some to assume the proportions of a persecution. But, friends of Mr. Reed say that good will come from it, even though a little fire and brimstone is connected with it. Mr. Hoover will have an opportunity to be heard, and the story will not be one-sided, no one need fear, so it is said.

Medell McCormick, returned from a tour of thorough investigation into affairs in the war zone, made an impression on the Senate Military Affairs Committee by his recital of our needs.

As Senator Hitchcock, vice chairman, said: "McCormick is a trained newspaper man, capable of keenly analyzing situations, and of gathering a vast amount of information. He has done well, and is able to report with much clarity on conditions as he found them. And he is in a position to recommend, with much force, many things which he thinks we should do to win the war."

Cornick's testimony were struck off for a number of the committee members who asked that they be allowed to look them over at leisure. They are desirous of giving some thought to some of the suggestions made to the committee, and particularly those which comprised his recommendations as to ways and means for winning the war.

People outside the city may get the impression that because of the strong Republican support for probe resolutions some political plays are being indulged in at this session.

The truth is the desire for the probes has been entirely bipartisan in nature. Democratic support for the resolutions has been spontaneous and extensive. In some of the resolutions have come from Democratic sources, just as they should have come.

The statement at the Capitol that the President is rather unduly alarmed over the multiplicity of probes is said to have been met by one of his friends in Congress with the assertion that there never can be as many probes "in action" as there are things to be probed, and that nothing will be done, at this time, to weaken the country's position or to make us more susceptible to enemy attacks.

A sentiment developing very rapidly on the hill, and understood to be precisely the position of the President, urges a delay in acting on universal military training legislation until after the war is over.

The burden of argument of those who take this stand is as follows: "If we are not compelled to settle the matter just now. All the men are being trained that can be spared, and thousands are being trained who cannot even be used on the other side."

Perhaps peace terms will settle the problem of military preparation for all time to come. We do not want to endorse any principle now which would embarrass us in support of some adequate, sensible form of

## A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

TWIST TEARS AND LAUGHTER. Between our laughs and tears

So fine A line So frequently appears

That where some folks would weep I often laugh.

And when I do my woes, like so much chaff Before the winter's wind,

Fly fast away, and leave behind A sense of sweet serenity of mind

That makes all troubles seem Like fleeting fancies of an idle dream.

(Copyright, 1917.)

disarmament or anti-militaristic policy then.

"There is nothing to gain just now by adopting this policy. The only purpose is to fix something upon us for the future. Let us leave it to the future to settle it for us."

Senator Chamberlain indicated some time ago that he would push his bill with some vigor this session. A propaganda to impress this upon Congress has been under headway for some time, and hundreds of prominent men in the country have joined that forces to help put the bill over at this session.

Secretary Baker, however, has expressed disapproval of the proposed act. He has not endeavored to take a position, of course, that resembles the leading of a campaign against it, but he has let it be known in a quiet, dignified way that he thinks it discredited to defer action until our future course among the nations can be more clearly charted. It is not his proposal alone that leads some members to believe the President in-poses this plan, however. There are many statements heard here and there about the executive's views, added to the fact that while the President had been asked to say something in his message about universal military training he did not do so.

Senator Borah's contention that the offensive seven year clause of the Federal prohibition amendment imperils its constitutionality should be given attention. Senator Borah is a lawyer of perspicacity. He should be listened to, if not at the time the Anti-Saloon league wanted to hurry the legislation along, at least before the time comes for legislatures to act. The present act cannot be reached, of course, for it is too late to do that, but sometime within the next year or so, the dry forces should arrange an out-and-out prohibition bill and submit it to Congress in the way the present one should have been submitted. This will be the fair thing, and the right thing, and may eventually be the quickest thing to do.

THE OBSERVER.

Through the canyon of upper Broadway, just after the pink tints had chased the gray out of the east, rolled a solitary Broadway-Seventh avenue car on its way to South Ferry. A lone woman stood on the rear platform. At Thirty-fourth street it halted and a man stepped on.

One moment he held his nickel suspended above the metal box. He was a friendly fellow and he started to say "Good morning, George." But the man's hand froze on his lips. There smiled across at him a pair of laughing eyes—unmistakably feminine eyes—from beneath the conductor's cap. "Etta if you don't mind," said the conductor for it was truly she. And thus it was that the first of her sex took charge of a Broadway trolley.

The old-time bladder—with which the straight hits the comic—has been revived in a vaudeville skit. And it was received with genuine joy. There is something about hitting a man over the head with a bladder that makes everybody laugh. It is psychology.

For instance: "Do you like oysters?" "Yes." "What kind of oysters?" "Clams."

Zowie. Over the head with the bladder. No one would laugh at the joke—but when the bladder struck the house exploded.

Aesthetic dancing does not seem to be going out of vogue. While the present season has not brought forth a goodly crop of rhythmic dancers, the old exponents seem still to be in demand. At Hero Land the Chalf dancers stood out as one of the features of the big spectacle. Then there is appearing on Broadway at striking group of girls in a pantomimic dance which they have entitled "The Closing of the Lotus." Those who used to be entertained at the classic dancing now go to be entertained. It takes some while for the artistic idea to sink through, but when it does a "classic dancing fan" is made.

SALMON SUPPLY VAST.

Food added to the nation's war time storehouses by the 1917 catch of Alaska salmon was the largest amount in the history of the Territory and far exceeded in value that of any other season. The pack of canned salmon will aggregate 5,500,000 cases, the Bureau of Fisheries has announced. The fish is valued at \$80,000,000.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

20 TIMES AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION WAY? TUN

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## WHAT CHANCES DO SAMMIES TAKE?

Canadian War Figures Furnished by Quebec Military Commission.

The Military Hospitals Commission at Quebec has kept an account of how Canadian troops fared in the war, and has compiled some interesting and assuring statistics based upon its investigations and observations.

Addressing Canadian mothers and fathers, the commission says: "If your boy goes to the front: He has twenty-nine chances of coming home to one chance of being killed."

He has ninety-eight chances of recovering from a wound to two chances of dying.

He has only one chance in 600 of losing a limb.

He will live five years longer because of physical training.

He is freer from disease in the army than in civil life.

He has better medical care at the front than at home.

In other wars from ten to fifteen men died from disease to one from bullets.

In this war one man dies from disease to every ten from bullets. This war is less wasteful of life than any other in history.

Only 10 per cent of all Canadians disabled for further service have been physically unable to engage in their former occupations.

If your boy is one of the 10 per cent the government will re-educate him in another vocation at which he can earn a living.

This doesn't mean that war is a danger-free occupation, and that life in the trenches is as comfortable as in the easy chair at home, but it does make it appear less fearsome than it has been painted over here, especially by pro-German Socialists, disloyal pacifists and German-born traitors in America.

HER PRAYER WORTH \$12,500.

New York, Dec. 19.—Grace M. Tranklin wants \$12,500 for having successfully prayed for Clarence C. Burger, who she says put over a \$1,000,000 mining deal with the aid of her supplications. She now prays that a court collect for her.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. WATKINS

Special Correspondent of The Washington Herald

New York, Dec. 19.—Several hundred vamping women of the musical comedy stage along Broadway have been shocked to the very depths of their souls by the edict of District Attorney Swann ordering the wearing of clothing in the performance of their acts.

This unspeakable order has come like the proverbial bolt from the blue sky. Suffocating under the already burdensome attire they are forced to don, these young women cry out for consideration.

From one bedimmed young miss who made a mistake the other night and put on a postage stamp instead of her costume, receiving an ovation and a raise in salary for her error, comes the loudest remonstrance.

"Silly," she says, "we'll be forced to pull down our window shades when we take a bath." Another young girl said she had worn her ribbon all season and was thinking of discarding it for some lighter-weight garment and she wouldn't let any old district attorney come along and make an Arctic explorer out of her.

"There are girls who should be forced to put on more clothing," I think," she said, "but I do not come within that class, thank you."

It is said that there is a room show in town where the combined material for six young and frisky girls would not make a dress for Mrs. Tom Thumb.

But it would seem that the edict that Broadway must put on more clothing is going to be about as popular with the diaphanous garbed young folk as one strange bull dog is with another.

Through the canyon of upper Broadway, just after the pink tints had chased the gray out of the east, rolled a solitary Broadway-Seventh avenue car on its way to South Ferry. A lone woman stood on the rear platform. At Thirty-fourth street it halted and a man stepped on.

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## CLUB ROOMS OPENED FOR MEN OF NAVY

Marines and Bluejackets' Quarters Provide Real Home.

With the opening of the Marines' and Bluejackets' Club at 23 Eighth street southeast there was made available not only a place of recreation for the jacks and marines, but a real home where they may receive visiting relatives and friends.

Mothers, wives and sisters will always be welcome, and a member of the reception committee will constantly be in the reception room.

The club will be conducted by the Women's Navy Service, Inc., of which Mrs. George Dewey is president, and will be open from 2:30 to 10 o'clock every day.

Saturday afternoon the formal opening of the club will take place with a large tea. Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Daniels and many other naval dignitaries are expected as guests.

All the comforts of an up-to-date club are available to the men, including large, cheerful reading and recreation rooms and a writing room.

Free classes in relief and military French will be held three times a week.